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Gell, Edith

The empire's honour

London

[1915]

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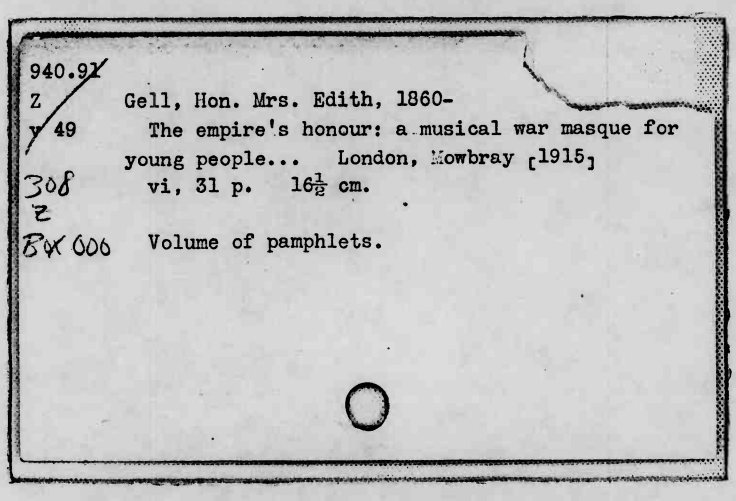
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3

THE EMPIRE'S HONOUR

A MUSICAL WAR MASQUE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

BY THE

HON. MRS. GELL,

Compiler of the "Cloud of Witness," "The Happy Warrior," etc.

Words only 2d. (12/6 net per 100)
Music of Songs (with Words) 1/- net

A. R. MOWBRAY & CO. LTD.
LONDON: 28 Margaret Street, Oxford Circus, W.
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First impression, 1915

Dedication

To the hero-nations

Belgium and Serbia,

who, fired by patriotism, risked their all
in defence of nationhood and freedom,
and to

Our Gallant Allies

France, Russia, Japan, Italy,
staunch alike in defeat and victory,
these lines are dedicated
as a tribute of heartfelt admiration
by the author.

Hopton Hall,
Derbyshire.

August 4,
1915.

PREFACE

IN this season of overwhelming national anxiety, it is felt on all sides that ordinary assemblies and festivals are out of place. Yet there was never a time when opportunities for encouragement and expressions of sympathy were more needed, especially by those who have so heroically given their best for the service of their country. As month by month the war goes on, it becomes increasingly important to remind ourselves of the causes which brought the British Empire into the field, and of the vital issues at stake. It is found that, even now, in some quarters there is no clear apprehension as to the Causes for which we are fighting.

The Empire's Honour endeavours to present these vital matters in a form which will appeal even to those with slender knowledge of the European situation. It is intended to be performed by children or young people, with a few stronger voices behind the scenes to reinforce the childish trebles.

Simplicity and economy have been aimed at in every respect so as to bring it within the reach of all, and ensure that when it is performed for one of the war charities, Serbian orphanages, Belgian refugees, Red Cross and the like, the deductions for expenses may be small.

No scenery is required, though the back of Britannia's throne may be formed by a screen draped with flags, behind which the supplementary voices and the piano can be concealed.

It may be performed either in a garden or in a schoolroom.

Where space admits and performers are available, the caste can be indefinitely enlarged by having three or four representatives for the various countries, the Army, the Navy, etc., and envoys from the smaller British dependencies may be added *ad lib.* If there is a special local connection with any particular island or dependency, a performer should be added to represent it.

The Dominions should wear white dresses and a coloured scarf across one shoulder. India, Egypt, and the Allies would be in national costume, for which art muslin will furnish an economical material.

If time permits, each of the Allies may be heralded by the appropriate national anthem, either sung or played as a march.

EDITH GELL.

*** Flags, price *1d.*, may be had of Marks & Spencer, 125 High Road, Kilburn, N.W., where also the various symbolic offerings may be had for the same price ; or flags and dresses may be hired or purchased of the Enrolling Officer, League of Honour, Independent Music Club, 13 Pembroke Gardens, Kensington, W., who will also advise as to costumes.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

BRITANNIA. Robed with helm or crown; spear or trident.
SCOTLAND. In Highland costume with Union Jack, bunch of thistles on the staff.
WALES. Sugar-loaf hat, stuff gown and apron, Union Jack with daffodils.
IRELAND. Shawl over head, short skirt, green sash, Union Jack and shamrock.
NEWFOUNDLAND. White dress, head uncovered, broad coloured sash across shoulder, flag.
INDIA. Hindu costume, flag, lotus-blossoms.
CANADA. White dress, broad coloured sash, flag, maple-leaves.
AUSTRALIA. White dress, broad coloured sash, flag, mimosa.
NEW ZEALAND. White dress, broad coloured sash, flag, fern-leaves.
SOUTH AFRICA. White dress, broad coloured sash, flag.
EGYPT. Native costume, gold band across forehead, flag.
RHODESIA. Child's white dress and sun-bonnet, broad coloured sash, flag.
FRANCE. ITALY. RUSSIA. JAPAN. BELGIUM. SERBIA. All in national costume.
A HERALD. Tabard and trumpet. LORD KITCHENER.
A SOLDIER. A SAILOR.
AN AIRMAN. Leather costume with swathed head.
MEMBER OF A.S.C.
A DOCTOR. A CHAPLAIN. A RED CROSS NURSE.
A BRITISH MOTHER.
A MINER. With pick and coal.
A SHELL-MAKER. With shell.
A LAND-WORKER. With spade and hoe.
A RAILWAY-MAN.
A FACTORY GIRL. Shawl and clogs.
HONOUR. With lance and shield.
FREEDOM. With broken chains on her hands.
PEACE. With a dove on each shoulder and a lily in her hand.

THE EMPIRE'S HONOUR

SCENE I

JULY, 1914

[BRITANNIA *seated on her Throne.*]

Speaks.

This is the land that freemen till,
That sober-suited freedom chose;
The land where, girt with friends or foes,
A man may speak the thing he will;
Where . . .

[*The bugle sounds behind the scenes; confused noises. Shouts of "To arms." The drums roll.*]

Britannia rises.

Who, then, disturbs my peace?
Quarrel with none have I!
Whence clouds the thunder-storm
Britain's fair sky?

Enter herald.

Great potentate! I bear you heavy news.
Belgium by trait'rous Huns is now invaded.
Her people arm to guard their well-loved homes.

France is attacked, and now 'tis said that Austria,
To an unholy compact falsely true, supports the Hun;
Her armies threaten Serbia—Europe is in a blaze.

Britannia.

Speakest thou truth? What of the solemn Treaty
Signed by the Powers for mutual guarantee
Of Belgium's rights? We set our hands and seals
To that same document, and swore that none
Should violate her territory. Who dares to break
His plighted word? Can such things be?

Herald.

Nay! good, my liege. This same the German dares,
And further bids you follow in his train
That he may sooner reach the realm of France.
He saith that Britain cannot weigh *his* will
Against a scrap of paper—that same Treaty.
And further promiseth when France is ground
Beneath his heel, he will but fix a ransom
And take her colonies; but for her land in Europe—
That shall be hers, with a befitting tribute
To compensate his pains. Therefore he saith
Britain may sleep in peace; for no offence
Is done to her dominion or herself.

Britannia.

What! No offence! Who strikes my friend, strikes me.
Have I not sworn that Belgium shall be free?
Have I not plighted solemn faith with France?
A scrap of paper! Nay! 'tis Britain's honour—
The honour of our Empire—is at stake.
Shall that be rent in fragments? Shall our name
Go down to future ages as accursed?
Shall it be said we truckled to a tyrant?
Shall Britain—home of freedom—selfishly
Stand by, while others are enslaved?
Nay! By our ancient faith's unblemished shield,
Better not be at all, than not be noble!
Better go out with honour than live in shame.
Back to the Hun! Tell him we scorn his offer.
Tell him we keep our word, whate'er betide.
Unfaith in one is want of faith in all.
Britain redeems her pledge against the world.

[*Exit herald.*]

(*Listens.*) Hark! What is that?

[*Music and song in the distance growing gradually nearer.*]

BONNIE DUNDEE

p To the foes of the Empire, 'twas Scotland that spoke,
"Ere the king's crown go down there are crowns to be broke!"

Then each cavalier who loves honour and me,
Let him follow the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!

Chorus.

f Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can!
Come saddle my horses and call out my men!
cres Unhook the West port and let us gae free,
For it's "Up with the bonnets of bonny Dundee!"

There are hills beyond Pentland and lands beyond Forth;
If there's lords in the South, there are chiefs in the North.
There are brave Duine-wassels three thousand times three
Will cry, "Hey for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee."

Chorus.

Then awa' to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks!
Ere I own a usurper, I'll crouch with the fox.
cres And tremble false Huns in the midst of your glee,
ff Ye hae nae seen the last of my bonnets and me.

Chorus.

[*In the last chorus enter a* HIGHLANDER, *waving his bonnet.*]

Highlander (*kneels and kisses hand*).
Hail! all hail!

Britannia (*raising him, motions him to her right*).
Son, ten thousand welcomes!
Thou art not alone! Here comes my loyal Wales!

[*Music and song in the distance growing gradually nearer.*]

MEN OF HARLECH

mf Men of Harlech in the hollow
Do ye hear like rushing billow,
Wave on wave that surging follow
Battle's distant sound?
mp 'Tis the tramp of Saxon foe-men
Saxon spear-men, Saxon bow-men;
cres Be they knights or hinds or yoemen
f They shall bite the ground!
Loose the folds asunder
Flag we conquer under!
The placid sky now bright on high
Shall launch its bolts in thunder.
ff Onward! 'tis our country needs us!
He is bravest, he who leads us
Honour's self now proudly heads us
Cambria! GOD! and Right!

mf Rocky steeps and passes narrow
Flash with spear and flight of arrow,
pp Who would think of death or sorrow?
cres Glory crowns us now.
f Hurl the reeling horsemen over!
Let the earth dead foemen cover!
p Fate of friend, of wife, of lover
Trembles on a blow.
f Strands of life are riven,
Blow for blow is given;
cres In deadly lock, or battle-shock,
And mercy shrieks to heaven!

f Men of Harlech, young or hoary,
Would you win a name in story?
cres Strike! for Home! for Life! for Glory!
ff Cambria! GOD! and Right!

Welshwoman (*kneels and kisses hand*).

Hail! all hail!

Britannia (*raising and embracing her motions her to left.*)

Full welcome art thou! But where is gallant Ireland?

[*Music and song in the distance growing gradually nearer.*]

Solo— KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN

p Kathleen Mavourneen! The grey dawn is breaking,
The bugle of battle is heard on the hill,
cres The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shaking,
Kathleen! Mavourneen! art slumbering still?
Oh! hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever?
Oh! hast thou forgotten to-day we depart?
It may be for years or it may be for ever,
Then why art thou silent? Kathleen! Mavourneen!

f Kathleen Mavourneen! awake from thy slumbers
To share in the glory and champion the right.
cres Ah! where is the spell that once hung on thy numbers?
Come forth in thy beauty! Arise in thy might.

Mavourneen! Mavourneen! Our sad tears are falling
p To think that from Erin and thee we must part.
It may be for years and it may be for ever,
Then why art thou silent? Kathleen! Mavourneen!

[*As the song closes enter* IRELAND *rubbing her eyes.*]

Britannia.

So tardy, Ireland?

Ireland (*drawing herself up*).

My liege, I slept; but now I am awake!
Hail! all hail!

[*Kneels and kisses hand. She ranges herself by Scotland.*]

Britannia.

Methinks I hear a welcome sound from far,
Come not my daughter-queens from over seas?

[*The roll of drums.*]

[*Enter two and two singing, each with their flag.* NEWFOUNDLAND—*Bearing salmon.* INDIA—*A bag of gold and silver coin, hospital ship.* CANADA—*Sack of flour, machine gun.* AUSTRALIA—*Pack camel, battleship, fruit.* NEW ZEALAND—*Monoplane, battleship, blanket.* SOUTH AFRICA—*Field ambulance, Red Cross unit, wine.* EGYPT—*Leading in Lord Kitchener.* RHODESIA—*Tobacco, maize. Last, the* HERALD *with bugle.*]

THE SONG OF THE DAUGHTER PEOPLES

All together.

Mother, we hear thee! Mother, we come!
Stirred to the depths by the roll of the drum;
Levy on us! till the tyrant succumb,

[*All raise their flags.*]

We stand for honour and Britain!

[*Lower flags.*]

[*They divide right and left but remain facing Britannia.*]

Herald.

Approach, Newfoundland!

[NEWFOUNDLAND *comes forward bearing the flag in one hand, her gift in the other, bends one knee and lays it at Britannia's feet. Each Dependency after singing her lines joins the group facing audience to right or left, forming semicircle.*]

Sings.

Eldest of thy daughters, I:
Mine the right to do or die—
Lead my sons to victory.

All together.

Newfoundland stands for Britain.

[CHORUS. Mother, we hear thee!]

Herald.

India—stand forth!

[INDIA *sings.*]

Gold I bring thee from my store,
At thy feet my treasures pour;

[*Empties the coins.*]

Lead my heroes forth to war.

All together.

India stands for Britain.

[CHORUS. Mother, we hear thee!]

Herald.

Welcome, Canada!

[CANADA *sings.*]

Here I bring thee tribute meet,
Lay it joyous at thy feet,
Service born of love is sweet.

All together.

Canada stands for Britain.

[CHORUS. Mother, we hear thee!]

Herald.

Room for Australia!

[AUSTRALIA *sings.*]

From afar I heard thy call,
Use my strength whate'er befall,
For the right we give our all.

All together.

Australia stands for Britain.

[CHORUS. Mother, we hear thee!]

Herald.

Draw near, New Zealand!

[NEW ZEALAND *sings.*]

In the fight we claim our share,
Strong my sons to do and dare;
Speak the word! Thy will declare!

All together.

New Zealand stands for Britain.

[CHORUS. Mother, we hear thee!]

Herald.

Hail! South Africa!

[SOUTH AFRICA *sings.*]

Proud are we the flag to guard,
[*Uplifts it.*]
Our fair land shall not be marred,
For the right my sons strike hard.

All together.

Africa stands for Britain.

[CHORUS. Mother, we hear thee!]

Herald.

Ancient Egypt, welcome!

[EGYPT *sings.*]

'Neath thy rule is peace and rest,
Lo! I bring thee of my best—
[*Presents Kitchener.* Kitchener—at thy behest.
All salute.]

All together.

Egypt stands for Britain.

[CHORUS. Mother, we hear thee!]

Herald.

Room for young Rhodesia!

[RHODESIA *sings.*]

Youngest of thy daughters, I,
Proud for thee to live or die;
Lead my sons to victory.

All together.

Rhodesia stands for Britain.

All together.

Fear not, belovèd! Fearless we stand,
Staunch to the death to our own motherland;
Lead us! [*wave flags*] Rely on us! [*wave flags*] Trust us! [*wave flags*] Command!
[*Hoist flags*] *ff* We stand for honour and Britain.

[BRITANNIA *speaks.*]

Children of the Empire! yours the coming day;
Destiny hath summoned you heroic parts to play;
Stand for right and brotherhood and who shall say you nay?
Live for GOD and the Empire!

Citizens of Empire! Up! and guard your own!
Guard the noblest heritage the world hath ever known!
Dedicate your manhood!—Till the enemy atone,
Stand for GOD and the Empire!

I glory in your triumph, your prowess is my pride,
Your uplifting thrills my marrow as I kindle at your touch,
I am yours as you are mine!—whatsoever may betide
We stand or fall together; I can never ask too much.

[*A bugle sounds.*]

The bugle clarions "Forward!" We are coming every one;
The muster-roll is filling up, the banners are unfurled;

[*They all hoist their flags.*]

Our ancient vigour kindles as we hail the rising sun
Of an Empire—GOD commissioned—to regenerate the world!

RULE, BRITANNIA!

When Britain first at heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main;
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sang this strain.

Chorus.

Rule, Britannia! Britannia rules the waves,
f cres ff Britons never, never, never will be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee,
Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
While thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.

Chorus.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.

Chorus.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame,
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame;
But work their woe, and thy renown.

Chorus.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles, thine.

Chorus.

[*During the last Chorus the flags are waved in time as they march out slowly two by two,* SCOTLAND, WALES, IRELAND *bearing the gifts.*]

Between the parts martial music should be played, or the National Anthems of the Allies sung. If desired, an appeal may be made for the War Charity on behalf of which the performance is given.

SCENE II

1915

[BRITANNIA *alone.*]

Enter herald (*bows*).

Great potentate! I bear you joyful tidings,
Your armies everywhere acquit themselves
As worthy sons of the great chiefs of old;
Your warriors are bravest of the brave,
Stern in defeat, gentle in victory.
For the great Fleet! what words can spell
their deeds?
They shall be chronicled in history.
What man can dare, they dare to hold the Hun,
And bring swift succour to the Allies' need.
These same Allies desire that by your favour
Their envoys may approach your noble
person,
And speak of all the gratitude they bear
To great Britannia and her noble clans.

Britannia.

My brave Allies are welcome, but I would
The envoys of my faithful daughter-queens
Should gather round me here to do them
honour,
Together with my own devoted lieges,
To whom our debt can never be repaid.
[*Exit herald.*]

[*Enter* (*singing*) SCOTLAND, WALES, IRELAND—*the Dominions as before—also* A SOLDIER, A SAILOR, AN AIRMAN, A MEMBER OF A.S.C., A DOCTOR, A NURSE, A CHAPLAIN, A MINER, A SHELL-MAKER, A LAND-WORKER, A RAILWAY-MAN, A FACTORY GIRL, A MOTHER. *They range themselves on each side of Britannia.*]

HEART OF OAK

Come, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
To add something more to this wonderful year,
To honour we call you as freemen, not slaves,
For who are so free as the sons of the waves?

Chorus.

Heart of oak are our ships, Heart of oak are
our men,
We always are ready—
Steady! boys; steady!
f cres We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

We ne'er see our foe, but we wish them to stay,
They never see us, but they wish us away!
If they run, why we follow and run them ashore,
For if they won't fight us we cannot do more.

Chorus.

They vow they'll invade us, these terrible foes,
They threaten our women with Zeppelin-woes.
But should their flat-bottoms in darkness get o'er,
Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.

Chorus.

We'll still make them fear, and we'll still make
them flee,
With machine guns on shore, and torpedoes at sea.
Then cheer up my lads, with one heart let us sing,
Our soldiers, our sailors, our airmen, our King!

Chorus.

[*At the close of the song the bugle sounds.*]

Enter herald.

Room for the noble Allies!

March, "The Marseillaise" (piano solo).

[*Enter* FRANCE, ITALY, RUSSIA, JAPAN, BELGIUM, *and* SERBIA *in costume, each with national flag escorted by Herald* — BELGIUM *and* SERBIA *bandaged, white and languid, stand before Britannia: the rest divide to each side.*]

[*Song behind the scenes.*]

OUR LADY OF SORROWS

(From Earl Curzon of Kedleston's "War Songs.")

[*Belgium stands with head bent.*]

pp Heart-struck she stands—Our Lady of all
Sorrows,
Circled with ruin, sunk in deep amaze,
Facing the shadow of her dark to-morrows,
Mourning the glory of her yesterdays.

f Yet is she queen, by every royal token
[*Belgium raises her head.*]
There where the storm of desolation
swirled;

p Crowned only with the thorn—despoiled and
broken—
ff Her kingdom is the heart of all the world.

p cres She made her breast a shield, her sword a
splendour,
She rose like flame upon the darkened
ways;
So, through the anguish of her proud sur-
render,
f Breaks the clear vision of undying praise.

Britannia speaks.

Night, battle, blood, war, hunger, wounds,
pain:
Ravaged homes, a smiling land, blasted,
wasted, bare!
Yet undaunted Belgium's sons again and yet
again
Face the treacherous, desperate strife,
Face the peril of child and wife,
Face the fray for the nation's life
All together: {Undismayed—
lifting their flags {Unafraid—
They lift their constant prayer.

All together sing.

p GOD of the nations, hear! (*cres*) Yea, hear a
nation's cry!
Help of the helpless! succour! (*pp*) Shall a
nation die?
cres Shall the oppressor doom our manhood to a
nameless grave?
mf By the valour Thou hast given; (*f*) Save! Oh,
save!

Britannia speaks.

Snares, blows, lies, bondage, tyranny, and guile
Barred the Serbian nation's pathway forth from dark to light,
Struggling out of age-long fetters, pressing up the while,
Ever up to clearer day,
Tortured by the alien sway,
Patriots all, they faced the fray
All together {Undismayed—
{Unafraid—
They claim a nation's right.

All together sing.

p God of the nations, hear! (*cres*) Yea, hear a nation's cry!
Strength of the weak! deliver! (*pp*) Shall a nation die?
cres Shall the Hun entomb us living in an alien grave?
mf In the holy name of freedom; (*f*) Save! Oh, save!

Britannia speaks.

Joy, light, freedom, progress, grace, love, peace,
Resurrection, noble purpose, nobly brought to birth!
Nations, claim your rightful portion! claim your sons' release!
Claim to rule in your ransomed land;
Claim the outlet by foemen banned;

Claim the meed of your gallant stand;
All together {Undismayed—
{Unafraid—
The world acclaims your worth!

All together sing.

p God of the nations, hear! (*cres*) Yea, hear the nations' cry!
God of the brave, to Thee, (*pp*) Thy martyred children fly!
cres Shall the tyrant thrust us down, and mock our shameful grave?
mf By the nations' cherished honour! (*f*) Save! Oh, save!

Britannia speaks.

Allies, hail! The dawn is breaking, glows the morning star—
Blackest night, and darkest storm-cloud usher in the day—
Lo! the herald of our rescue, paeans from afar!
Forth from the fires of tribulation,
Rise to the higher revelation,
Purged, renewed, each noble nation!
All together {Undismayed—
{Unafraid—
Through God our Strength and Stay.

All together sing.

p God, Who hath heard our call; (*cres*) yea, heard the nations' cry—
The God, Whose word was (*ff*) "Live" (*f*) when foemen thundered (*ff*) "Die"!

mf GOD, All-powerful, bids us rise triumphant
o'er the grave!
f Close the ranks! Our cause is righteous!
(*ff*) GOD will save!

The Allies.

Great potentate! Words fail us to express
The full devotion of our brimming hearts.
You flew to help us in our dire distress,
You sacrificed your sons to bring redress;
Nobly they played their parts—
Warriors by sea, land, air, draw near! We
fain would say
Something of all that fills our hearts to-day.

The herald.

Warriors, stand forth!

[*The* SOLDIER, SAILOR, AIRMAN, A.S.C., *stand forth.*]

The Allies.

Comrades, we thank you. Hail! all hail!

The Allies.

Toilers, whose faithfulness hath never failed,
[*Turning to the shell-maker.*]
Ye made the shells by which our arms prevailed;
[*To the miner and land-worker.*]
Ye mined the coal, ye bade the good earth
yield
Her treasure hid in orchard, garden, field;

[*To the factory girl.*]
Ye wove, machined, and plied the needle for
our need.
[*To the railway-man.*]
Useless were arms and food without your
engines' speed,
If victory be ours, then, toilers, yours the meed.

The herald.

Workers, stand forth!

[*The* MINER, SHELL-MAKER, LAND-WORKER, RAILWAY-MAN, FACTORY GIRL, *come forward.*]

The Allies.

Comrades, we honour you. Hail! all hail!

The Allies.

Ye who in every danger had your share,
Non-combatants — through whose devoted
care
The tortured frames were soothed, by whose
last prayer
The passing soul, lifted to purer air,
Parted from earth in peace and entered heaven,
To you be all our love and tribute given!

The herald.

Healers, stand forth!

[DOCTOR, NURSE, *and* CHAPLAIN *come forward.*]

The Allies.

Comrades, we bless you! Hail! all hail!
Yet above all, homage is due to one

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